

deal of natural pathos, "An old thorn like me can't expect to keep such a sweet rose un-gathered on its stem. Take her, Neville. Love and cherish her as you would have God be good to you. Kiss me, Kate. You must still keep room in your heart for your poor old father. You have been my greatest solace since your mother died. Be as good a wife as you have been a daughter, and God's blessing on you both."

Kate flung her arms around her father's neck and covered his brow and cheek with kisses. And Neville, taking his hand, said solemnly, "God do so to me and more also, if I cherish not your daughter as my life; if I cherish her not as Christ loved His Bride the Church, and gave Himself for it."

"I have one regret," said Neville, sometime afterward, when Kate had gone out of the room, "and that is, that I have not brighter worldly prospects and more assured support to offer Kate."

"The time has been, my son," said the squire, adopting him at once into the family, "when I would have thought so too; when I would have sought, as conditions for her future,—position, wealth, and ease. But I have lived to see that these are not the great essentials of life, that these alone cannot give happiness. With true love and God's blessing you can never be poor. Without these, though you roll in riches, you